POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

ENTERTAINING, ELEGIAC,

AND

RELIGIOUS.

WITH A FEW

SELECT POEMS,

FROM OTHER AUTHORS.

By Miſs CAVE.
Now Mrs. W——.

THE SECOND EDITION.

SHREWSBURY:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. WOOD.
M, DCC, LXXXIX.

116
11 3
461



TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS.

YE gen'rous Patrons of a Female's Muſe,
'Ere you my Works with ſtudious eye peruſe,
My pen would firſt in humble ſtrains impart
The genuine dictates of a grateful heart:
Thanks to my Friends—and ſhould my labours pleaſe,
Crown'd are my wiſhes, and my heart's at eaſe;
My time improv'd, my muſing hours well ſpent,
If theſe conſpire to give my friend content:
But *Seward*, *Steele*, or *More*,* hope not to ſee,
With gentle candour read *The Author's Plea*.†

* Celebrated Poeteſſes. † The Firſt Poem.

A great Number of Nobility and other reſpectable Perſons have encouraged this Work, whoſe Names came too late to be inſerted, except the few following.

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CON-

ERRATA.

Page	*Line*	*for*	*read*
4	1	converſation's	converſation's
6	3	Generouſly	Gen'rouſly
17	9	generous	gen'rous
Ib.	11	ſincere	ſincere
29	3	enur'd	inur'd
30	12	by	with
42	6	ITHCEN	ITCHEN
50	8	Commiſſerates	Commiſerates
83	12	Pavillion's	Pavilion's
96	3	incenſced	incenſed
130	6	betray'd	obey'd
Ib.	10	Emanuel's	Emmanuel's
137	8	conſign'd	conſign'd
145	10	liive	live
180	13	given	groan
Ib.	14	vindicate	vindictive
184	3	properly	property
189	12	Amaleck	Amalek

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POEMS
ON
VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

****

THE
AUTHOR's PLEA.

WHO, with a Critic's eye, this book runs o'er,
Detects perhaps, a thouſand faults, and more,
Impartially the Author's plea muſt hear,
And then perhaps will ceaſe to be ſevere.

When reaſon firſt adorn'd my infant mind,
To books and poetry my heart inclin'd,
And as my years advanc'd, the paſſion grew,
And fair ideas round my fancy flew.
The Muſes ſeem'd to court me for their friend,
But fortune would not to their ſuit attend;
She underſtood who proper ſubjects were,
To hold a converſe with theſe airy fair,
Muſt be poſſeſs'd at leaſt of independence,
That to the Muſes they may give attendance;
By books and ſtudy fructify the mind,
And lead the genius where it was inclin'd;
The inauſpicious Dame, deny'd that I,
Should thus, where nature's ſelf inclin'd, apply;
For ſhe perceiv'd, I did the Muſe befriend,
And could my days in contemplation ſpend;

Yet

Yet ſo contracted, circumſcrib'd my line,
I paus'd—if to diſcard the tuneful Nine.

Now duty calls my thoughts a different way;
Juſtice enjoins; I muſt her call obey.
So, when the Muſes come on anxious wing,
Some pleaſing ſubject to my fancy bring;
I bid them fly where peaceful leiſure reſts,
'Tis vain in me to entertain ſuch gueſts:
They oft affect a deafneſs, draw more near,
Declare that they can no repulſes bear;
Demand admittance, vow they are inclin'd
To ſtay, till they imprint it on my mind.
Sometimes they are leſs bold, more ſhily come,
And with indiff'rence aſk if I'm at home.
If duty will admit, I aſk them in,
When ſome engaging converſe they begin;

But ere, perhaps, the converſation's o'er,
Duty commands that we converſe no more:
Now duty's call, I never muſt refuſe,
I riſe,—and with a ſigh myſelf excuſe;
Tell them I muſt withdraw a while, and when
Duty admits I will return again.
Sometimes, till I return, they deign to ſtay;
Sometimes they take offence, and fly away,
And never on that ſubject viſit more;
But bid me fate's contracted hand deplore.
Thus what the Author to the world preſents,
Appears through numberleſs impediments;
And what of praiſe, or of diſpraiſe, you view,
To Nature and the Muſe is wholly due;
This, ſhe preſumes, will candid minds ſuffice,
And for her each defect apologiſe.

ON

ON

LOVE and WINE.

WRITTEN BY

Deſire of P. G. Esq. of WINCHESTER.

COME, deſcend ye gentle Nine!
Be Cupid too and Venus there;
When I ſing of Love and Wine
Let Bacchus to my ſong repair.

Love of ev'ry theme the beſt,
Where this celeſtial paſſion reigns;
Oh! the houſe, the heart, how bleſt,
Soft ſilken bands are Hymen's chains!

Love will ev'ry fault conceal,
With kindneſs each defect paſs o'er;
Generouſly each good reveal,
And the minuteſt grace explore.

Thoſe who wed for naught but gold,
As well may marble rocks unite,
In their flinty cliffs enfold,
And know Love's rapt'rous ſoft delight.

But when hands in wedlock join,
And their twin'd hearts unite in Love;
Peace is their's, and joys divine,
Next to thoſe which reign above.

And ſhould more auſpicious fate
Beſtow another bleſſing ſtill;

Deign

Deign our comforts to complete
Our boards with Wine and plenty fill.

Wine will cheer the languid heart,
And Love each angry thought controul;
All that nature aſks, impart,
And fill with paradiſe the ſoul.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

By the Deſire of the Miſs B - - - S,

Of *WINCHESTER*,

ON THEIR

Parting with Mr. and Mrs. G - - - N.

AH! gloomy, inauſpicious day,
Which tears our charming friends away,
Which bids us from our G——N part,
And ſtamps their abſence on our heart!

Adieu, ye lovely happy pair,
Who all the ſocial comforts ſhare;

Love

Love, joy, and calm tranquillity,
Compoſe your bleſt ſociety.

With you what happy hours we've ſpent,
In pleaſure, mirth, and ſweet content;
Alas! thoſe pleaſing days are o'er,
And you the B——s bleſs no more.

But abſence ſhall not damp our flame,
Friendſhip's pure lamp ſhall burn the ſame;
And while we have an ear, to hear,
The name of G——N ſhall be dear.

TO

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

WHO PRESENTED THE

AUTHOR WITH A POEM,

IN COMMENDATION OF HER SINGING.

COULD I, arch youth, your flatt'ring lines believe,
Were not your ſex too ſubject to deceive,
I, like a credulous, unthinking maid,
Might be to thoughts of vanity betray'd;
But, conſcious my dull pipe no merit claims,
My ſoul, like a ſtern oak, unmov'd remains.
Were I aſſur'd that what thoſe lines impart
Was quite the genuine language of your heart,

It

It ſurely would *demonſtrate* a defect;
Which in my friend I wiſh not to detect.
Your ſenſe and judgment 'twould at once decry,
And prove you praiſe you know not what
nor why.
But I eſteem your ſenſe and penetration,
And thus conclude, from that conſideration,
That all th' encomiums you on me beſtow,
I to your ſkill in irony muſt owe;
Your ſex are quite proficients in this ſchool,
And may elate the vain unwary fool.

While I good-nature in my friend admire;
While grace and perſpicuity conſpire
To make him all a parent can deſire,
Yet would I ſay, as to the friend I love,
For none ſo good, but he may ſtill improve.

Would

Would you be thought a pleaſing hopeful youth,
Let all you write or ſpeak be grac'd with truth.
Truth with reſplendent luſtre ſhews her face,
While falſhood ſkulks, and ſinks in black diſgrace.
As you advance in years, in virtue grow,
So ſhall you her tranſcendant bleſſings know.
Virtue and wiſdom are entwined friends;
Who virtue gains, true wiſdom apprehends;
Heav'n guards his feet and peace his ſteps attends.

SPOKEN

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE

TO A

YOUNG LADY

Whoſe Name was

ORGAN,

On her Return Home after a few Months Abſence.

WHEN tuneful inſtruments appear,
They indicate ſome pleaſure near,
And if an Organ we behold,
It doth a ſacred theme unfold;
It's one, it's chief, it's grand deſign,
Is to break forth in ſongs divine.

Welcome, fair inſtrument of praiſe,
Thy preſence ſhall our ſpirits raiſe;
And that thou art preſerv'd from ill,
Art an unblemiſh'd Organ ſtill;
That ev'ry pipe's in tune, rejoice,
And we'll accord in heart and voice.

THE

THE

WOMAN'S ORNAMENT.

SYLVIA, as you deſcend from line to line,
I know your judgment will concur with mine.
Should paſſion with your better thoughts contend,
In Reaſon's empire I've inſur'd a friend.
While I attempt, tho' in a feeble ſtrain,
My ſex's brighteſt ornament t' explain.
It centers not in yon' unthinking laſs,
Who murders half her moments at the glaſs;

That well dreſt cap, or better frizzled head,
With richeſt pearls and tow'ring plumes o'erſpread,
That lovely eaſy ſhape, or graceful air,
Which at the ball eclipſes all the Fair;
That Angel's face, whoſe beauteous hues diſcloſe,
The ſnowy lilly, or the bluſhing roſe;
With iv'ry teeth, or more bewitching eyes,
Before whoſe luſtre ev'ry brilliant dies;
With voice harmonious, or enchanting tongue,
With pointed wit, or elocution hung;
With theſe, O Sylvia! you may be replete,
Yet want the pearl which makes you truly great.

But can you boaſt of wealth and ſtore of gold?
In you, ſome ſordid minds the gem behold;
Poſſeſt of this, you'll meet each ſwain's reſpect,
It ſtrangely turns to beauty each defect,

Makes

Makes prudence, virtue, ſenſe, and merit flow,
From ground where folly, vice, and malice grow.
But one eſteem'd the wiſeſt of the wiſe,
Beheld our ſex's worth with other eyes,
And her pronounces, of the pearl poſſeſt,
Who's with a meek and quiet ſpirit bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul retains ſound judgment, ſolid ſenſe,
And virtue, with religion's noble fence;
An humble, generous, free, exalted mind,
From all the groſſer ſentiments refin'd;
An heart ſincere, ſedate,—not apt to roam,
A mind domeſtic, ever beſt at home.
Be this my lot, my noble portion this,
And lo! I aſk for no ſuperior bliſs.

CREDULIA's COMPLAINT.

AH! why theſe tears,—this riſing ſigh,
Theſe ſoft impreſſions, yet;
Cannot ſuch matchleſs perfidy
Compel me to forget?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,
Ye ſolitary bowers;
Beneath your ſoft alluring ſhades
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From

From you alone I ſeek redreſs,
Perfidio's vows recall;
Perhaps you'll pity my diſtreſs,
For you have heard them all.

Ah! with what tears did he invoke,
What ſighs my love implore?
A thouſand tender things he ſpoke,
And look'd a thouſand more.

Long did he ſeek CREDULIA's heart,
'Ere ſhe that heart could give;
Till Cupid ſhot that fatal dart,
Which bad PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to expreſs
The tranſports of his ſoul;

He hop'd no more,—muſt die with leſs,
Her will ſhould his controul.

Still more as with her converſe bleſt,
The gentle flame increas'd;
'Twas Paradiſe within his breaſt,
When her his arms embrac'd.

And ſhould ſhe ever prove unkind,
Or with another wed;
He'd never change his ſtedfaſt mind,
But join the peaceful dead.

I heard, nor did the fraud detect,
The treach'rous ſwain believ'd,
Nor once did my weak heart ſuſpect,
I e'er ſhould be deceiv'd.

But ſuch I was:—Yet ſtill the tear
Unwilling fills my eye,
And ſtill I find his image here,
And ſtill I heave a ſigh.

But riſe, my ſoul, with juſt diſdain,
Diſcard the guilty youth,
Nor let him give thy boſom pain,
Who flies the path of truth.

ON

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF A

LADY,

To whom the Author was Bride-Maid.

AS the light bark on the tempeſtuous ſea,
Toſs'd to and fro, from dangers never free;
Diſmay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry blaſt,
Till in a port her anchor's firmly caſt;
So oft is mov'd man's fluctuating mind,
Till it in wedlock a ſafe harbour find;
Here, if the Soul meets but her deſtin'd mate,
Her joys are full, her happineſs compleat.

Be

Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,
Whoſe nuptial rites I this glad morn attend;
Whoſe humble, gentle mind for peace was born,
Whom virtue, love, and innocence adorn.
Celeſtial graces dignify thy ſoul,
While pure religion all thy ways controul.
Theſe noble virtues which in thee abound,
Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER found.
His heart ſincere, his temper ſoft and mild,
Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd.
Such gentle hearts alone ſhould join their hands,
And find that Hymen's chains are ſilken bands.

Their emulation's not who'll reign ſupreme,
But who ſhall love the moſt,—be moſt ſerene,
Remote from vanity and worldly toys,
Each ſeeks with each for more ſubſtantial joys.

Tranquility

Tranquility ſhall in their borders dwell,
Nor diſcord once approach their peaceful cell;
But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,
As mutually each other's joys will ſhare.

Thus, my lov'd friend, may you for ever prove,
The ſoft delight of harmony and love;
May ev'ry bleſſing you can aſk of heav'n,
To conſtitute your happineſs be giv'n;
If heav'n beſtows, with joy receive the prize,
If heav'n witholds, 'tis beſt what heav'n denies.
Thus ſweetly may you paſs your future life,
Nor once repent that you became a wife;
That you declin'd the pleaſing name of B—m,
And that alone preferr'd of H—rag—n.

FROM

FROM

EUSEBIA to FIDELIO.

'ERE you, FIDELIO, theſe ſoft lines ſhall view,
We ſhall have ſpoke that painful word, adieu!
I know the anguiſh of your faithful heart,
I know you thought it more than death to part;
But now 'tis done;—the dreaded trial's o'er,
Your lov'd EUSEBIA, you behold no more.
No more on willing feet together walk,
Or of our joys or of our ſorrows talk;
When each, as to a friend ſincere and kind,
Diſclos'd the fond emotions of the mind.

Days, weeks, and months muſt in ſucceſſion glide,
'Ere you, again, will join EUSEBIA's ſide.
O'er hills and dales, ſhe takes her diſtant flight,
And mountain tops obſcure her from your ſight;
Long lanes, and fields, and meadows cloath'd in green,
And many a weary ſtep, lies now between.
Perhaps, 'ere this, a tear bedews your eye,
And your ſad boſom heaves a tender ſigh;
But ſpare your tears, of this your heart aſſure,
Mine eyes enough for you and I procure.
So let no doubts your conſtant heart aſſail,
For none but you, FIDELIO, ſhall prevail.
Shou'd Heav'n advance me to the higheſt ſphere,
You only are, and ever ſhall be dear.

That

That gen'rous heart, which fought not gold, but me,
Shall meet its equal, noble, gen'rous, free.
If fortune ſmiles, I may again return,
And bid my juſt FIDELIO ceaſe to mourn.
Our conſtant hearts, our willing hands ſhall join,
Thy lov'd EUSEBIA ſhall be wholly thine.
But if on earth we ne'er ſhall meet again,
In this afflictive world of grief and pain;
If Heav'n, all-wiſe, erects my nuptial bed,
Within the peaceful regions of the dead,
I hope to meet you in that world above,
Where it will be adjudg'd no crime to love:
Where fortune cannot frown, nor friends diſmay,
But all be joy through one eternal day.

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF

Capt. A—— to Miſs R——.

YE Nymphs of Helicon, attend my lyre,
While all the feather'd Choriſters conſpire,
In notes celeſtial to ſalute the morn,
When SYLVIA doth the nuptial rites adorn.
See Cupid's Sylphs, and Goddeſſes deſcend;
Venus, and all her gentle train attend;
While ev'ry flagrant flow'r appears in bloom,
And minds moſt penſive diſſipate their gloom.
All happy in this nuptial joy to ſhare,
And each congratulates the happy pair.

The

The happy pair who lock'd in Hymen's bands,
United hearts, 'ere they united hands.

ORENZO's heart, to martial fields enur'd,
Who all the hoſtile acts of war endur'd,
One tender look from SYLVIA quite diſarms;
But where's the boſom can withſtand ſuch charms?
When beauty, grace, and innocence combin'd,
T' inſpire the ſoul, and captivate the mind.
Who proof remains, 'gainſt cannons, balls, and fire,
May by one glance from SYLVIA's eyes expire.
Thoſe lovely eyes emitted ſuch a dart,
As made a conqueſt of ORENZA's heart;
A noble conqueſt, worthy of the Fair,
Who in his future joys and grief will ſhare.

How bleſt the ſwain, of ſuch a bride poſſeſt!
The nymph ally'd to ſuch a ſwain, how bleſt!
Long may you live,—connubial life adorn;
Yea, live to bleſs the children yet unborn;
Live,—and no other emulation know,
But who the greateſt tenderneſs ſhall ſhow:
And when fair SYLVIA feels a mother's care,
May ſhe a mother's conſolation ſhare;
May ev'ry tender branch that ſhall be giv'n,
Be fructify'd with all the gifts of Heav'n.

While SYLVIA, who by good example's taught,
Whoſe mind is by maternal wiſdom fraught,
With ſuch inſtruction, as, purſu'd through life,
Will grace the mother and adorn the wife.
Fair SYLVIA will, with notions moſt refin'd,
Direct their ſteps, and cultivate the mind.

ORENZO

ORENZO too, with a paternal heart,
Will all that's uſeful, kind, or good, impart.
Thus, with each joy, and ſocial comfort bleſt,
Each morn they'll riſe, and eve retire to reſt.

Should duty, loyalty, or war's alarms,
Demand ORENZO from his SYLVIA's arms,
With rage redoubl'd, he'll engage the foe,
And ſink them ſwiftly down to ſhades below;
Bid each the fatal conſequences prove,
Who dares detain the hero from his love.
Thus conq'ring more by Cupid than by Mars,
Fly to his Fair triumphant from the wars;
Find in her virtuous arms that ſweet repaſt,
Which lawleſs libertines can never taſte;
Her ev'ry look ſhall joys ſublime create,
And make a Paradiſe of his retreat.

ON THE

Death of Mrs. MAYBERY, of BRECON:

Who died ſuddenly in the Abſence of

JOHN MAYBERY, Eſq.

AND can it be? and is her ſpirit fled?
Is dear OPHELIA number'd with the dead?
Are all the days of her probation paſt!
And is her die unalterably caſt!
Heart piercing thought—flow tears from ev'ry eye,
While ev'ry boſom riſes with a ſigh.
What goodneſs, prudence, wiſdom, laid in duſt,
Ah! Who the greateſt potentate can truſt?

Where

Where's he, could I each mortal's name rehearſe,
Who pow'r hath gain'd this ſentence to reverſe?

Obdurate King—Inſatiable Death!
Who thus a period puts to mortal's breath;
By thy rude hand no deference is paid,
Greatneſs with indigence in duſt is laid!
Deſtruction is eſſential to thy name,
And all thy direful acts thy pow'r proclaim.
What hopes are ſpoil'd! What near connections broke!
By this thy ſudden, unrelenting ſtroke!
The life deſtroy'd, the valuable life
Of miſtreſs, ſiſter, daughter, mother, wife.

See her domeſtics, who her goodneſs knew,
Pour forth the tribute to her merit due;
While weeping ſiſters bath'd in tears remain,
And ſighing brothers ſcarce their grief ſuſtain.
While tender, aged parents' hearts o'erflow,
Nor joy, nor reſt, nor conſolation know,
While duteous children, ſent her by the Lord,
In fruitleſs tears, the mournful day record.
And then behold, but ah! what heart can gueſs
The grief profound, the depth of that diſtreſs,
Which ſeiz'd at once the partner of her bed,
When told his wife, his other ſelf was dead?
Trembling methinks, with ev'ry thought amaz'd,
Aſtoniſh'd at the meſſenger he gaz'd!
The vital ſtream congeals in ev'ry vein,
While ſcarcely ſpirits, ſtrength, or life remain.

Anxious

Anxious at once the whole dread ſcene to know,
Yet dreads to hear what will increaſe his woe.
At length inform'd—delug'd in grief he lies,
Nor hopes redreſs, but from his weeping eyes.
He calls the friendly tear to eaſe his grief:
But theſe recoil, nor deign to give relief.
Thus with an heart o'erborne, and ſpirits broke,
He ſinks beneath th' intolerable ſtroke.
He ruminates—at length the ſilence breaks,
And thus methinks, in penſive accents ſpeaks:
"Alas! for me, my happier days are o'er,
I hear the voice—behold the face no more
Of her, my friend, my beſt belov'd, my wife,
The joy, ſupport, and comfort of my life;
The tender mother of my progeny,
The prudent miſtreſs of my family;

How

How many uſeful years might ſhe have ſpent,
To bleſs thoſe children, which by Heav'n are lent,
To guide their feet, inculcate filial fear,
While ev'ry look maternal love did bear?
Her ſenſe with prudence order'd all within,
When I, for weeks and months have abſent been.
My help-mate ſhe, who with ſuperior grace,
Adorn'd the miſtreſs, wife and mother's place."
Thus mourns her ſpouſe, while numbers ſwell the cry,
Who knew her worth, will not a tear deny:
A tear of ſympathy for thoſe diſtreſt,
Whoſe wants her friendly hand ſo oft redreſt.
And 'twere but juſt in thoſe, if in return,
With grateful tears they waſh'd OPHELIA's urn.
Thus ſhew the noble, truly gen'rous few,
Th' unfeign'd reſpect to their lov'd mem'ry due.

TO

TO A

Youth inclinable to Gaiety,

AT

His Departure from the Author's Family.

DAYS, weeks, and months are gone and paſt,
This morning uſhers in the laſt,
The laſt,—that ever we, my friend,
May in one habitation ſpend:
But 'ere we part, my friendly muſe
Wou'd kindly this precaution uſe.

You now are juſt in manhood's dawn,
And flow'ry proſpects deck the lawn;

Wealth, pleaſure, ſtrength, and length of days,
With joyful hope, your mind ſurveys.
But let your heart receive this truth,
Ten thouſand ſnares are laid for youth;
Ten thouſand ſins, in pleaſure's dreſs,
Each youth will to their boſom preſs.
One ſin calls here, another there,
And youth, too oft, incline an ear,
The ſoft, deluſive voice to hear.

Regard then, this, my parting breath,
Thoſe flow'ry paths lead down to death,
And when you are from me remote,
With gay companions, void of thought;
When you ſhall hear their tongues profane
The great JEHOVAH's ſacred name,

And

And you, perhaps, with them ſhall join
To imprecate the wrath divine,
Tho' no reproving friend is near,
Remember GOD himſelf is there.
Let recollection then relate,
What oft you've heard a friend repeat,
Conſcience ſhall ev'ry truth atteſt,
And own each admonition juſt;
She will a faithful diary keep,
Tho' oft we think ſhe's lull'd to ſleep.
But Ah! ſhould death your ſoul o'ertake,
You'd find the treach'rous dame awake;
But this obſcure, this laſt ſad day,
Youth ſhuns, and puts it far away.
But come, or ſoon, or late that hour,
We know we all muſt feel it's pow'r.

This long expected period's come,
As certain *that*, which ſeals our doom,
Which ſtabs our vitals,—ſtops our breath,
And cloſes up our eyes in death,
Which makes us bid the world Adieu!
And brings eternity to view;
Which hails us partners of the ſky,
Or bids us down to horror fly:
Then ſhall your heart theſe lines approve,
And know that all I meant was love.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

To a Friend, on going to ITCHEN,

About Five Miles from WINCHESTER:

To ſee a Country Seat belonging to the

DUKE of CHANDOS.

A Friendly party, of one mind,
Were for a pleaſure-day inclin'd,
Forſook their beds on Thurſday morn,
When each their perſon did adorn
With raiment proper for the day,
And in high ſpirits drove away.
The morn did a bad day portend,
Bid ſome unwelcome ſhow'rs deſcend:

But ſable clouds now diſappear,
And azure decks the atmoſphere;
Phœbus expands his golden rays,
And all the rural ſweets diſplays;
And that my friend the whole may know,
We to a place call'd ITHCEN go;
Where with an honeſt batchelor,
We meet with good and hearty cheer.
Sincere, ingenuous, plain and free,
No needleſs compliment had he.
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuſe,
And each as welcome to refuſe.
A while we after dinner ſat,
Engag'd in inoffenſive chat,
Then arm in arm, in pairs we ſtalk,
And to his Grace's manſion walk.

Here,

Here, each apartment we behold,
Doth ſomething of the Duke unfold,
Magnificence decks ev'ry place,
And ſpeaks the owner is his Grace.
Some ancient portraits caught my eye,
Which bid my boſom heave a ſigh,
For Ah! thoſe once lov'd forms with reptiles lie.
When we had view'd the manſion o'er,
Park, garden, fiſh-ponds, and much more,
Our feeble frames begin to tire,
And ſome refreſhment we require,
We now approach the humble cell,
Wherein our ruſtic friend doth dwell:
Here, fill'd with new ideas, we
Regale us with a diſh of tea.

Some hours yet remain unſpent,
And pleaſure was our ſole intent.
So that we may the ſame increaſe,
Reſolv'd the chryſtal ſtream to trace,
Forthwith into a boat we go,
And up and down the river row,
See the glad fiſhes friſk and play,
And ſeem as bleſt, and pleas'd as they.

Re-ent'ring now, our friends retreat,
To make his bounty quite compleat,
A pleaſant ſyllabub we find,
When each may drink, who is inclin'd:
Phœbus now haſtens to the weſt,
We think to haſten home is beſt;
So, parting with our gen'rous friend,
Wiſhing each bliſs may him attend,

Enter

Enter our carriage, drive away,
Beſtow encomiums on the day.
None ſeem'd inclining to relent,
Each had a day of pleaſure ſpent;
Thus chatting on, 'till we alight,
And bid each other a good night.

Thankful, we all are ſafe and well,
And that no ill has us befel;
Each to their dwelling go their way,
And thus concludes our pleaſure-day.

A POEM,

A

POEM,

OCCASIONED

By a Lady's doubting whether the Author Compoſed an Elegy,

To which her Name is affixed.

IF Lady B—— will condeſcend
To read theſe lines which I have penn'd,
Perhaps it may her doubts confute,
And ſhe'll no more my word diſpute,
But own I may the Author be,
Of what ſhe did on Sunday ſee.

You'd hate a baſe perfidious youth,
Such *my* diſguſt to all untruth.

A gen'rous

A gen'rous mind is never prone
To claim a merit not her own:
I would diſdain t' affix my name
To that, which is another's claim.
Of beaut'ous form Heav'n made me not,
(Nor has ſoft affluence been my lot,)
But fix'd me in an humbler ſtation,
Than thoſe at court in higheſt faſhion:
But there are beauties of the mind,
Which are not to the great confin'd;
Wiſdom does not erect her ſeat
Always in palaces of ſtate;
This bleſſing Heav'n diſpenſes round,
She's ſometimes in a cottage found,
And tho' ſhe is a gueſt majeſtic,
May deign to dwell in a domeſtic.

Yet,

Yet, of this great celeſtial gueſt,
I dare not boaſt myſelf poſſeſt,
But this wou'd repreſent to you,
As Wiſdom does, the Muſes do,
No def'rence ſhew to wealth or eaſe,
But pay their viſits as they pleaſe.
Sometimes they deign to call on me,
And tune my mind to poetry;
But ah! they're fled, I'll drop my pen,
Nor raiſe it till they call again.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

By Desire of a Mother,

ON THE

Death of an only Child.

AS with delight we view the op'ning rose
Expand, and all her fragrant sweets discloſe,
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,
In all her charms of innocence array'd.
Oft had her little all, her only child,
The tedious hour with pleasing chat beguil'd;
But Heav'n, all-good, and infinitely wise,
Remov'd this darling idol to the skies.

'Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by ſin,
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could brood therein;
'Ere ſhe arriv'd at years that might deſtroy,
By one falſe ſtep, a tender mother's joy.

Behold ſhe ſoars to yon' celeſtial fields,
Where ev'ry plant ætherial odour yields;
With pitying eye, methinks ſhe looks below,
Commiſſerates a tender mother's woe,
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n aſpire.

Prepare, ſhe cries,—prepare to meet the bleſt,
And join your SALLY in eternal reſt.

A POEM

A

POEM for CHILDREN:

ON

Cruelty to the Irrational Creation.

OH! what a cruel, wicked thing,
For me who am a little king,*
To give my hapleſs ſubjects pain,
And make them groan beneath my reign.

Were I a chafer, and could fly,
Ah! ſhould I not with anguiſh cry,
Should naughty children take a pin
And run me through, to make me ſpin?

* See PSALM viii. 6.

Were I a bird, took from my neſt,
Should I not think myſelf oppreſt,
If toſs'd about in wanton play,
'Till maim'd and faint I die away?

Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,
Let cruelty my heart annoy,
Becauſe it is a dreadful evil,
That only fits me for the Devil.

If I muſt ought of life deprive,
The quickeſt way I will contrive,
To ſtop the tremb'ling victim's breath,
And give it little pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,
A toad, a viper, or a rat;

They're

They're form'd by an Almighty hand,
And ſprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horſe, yea every creature,
Of the moſt mild or ſavage nature,
Were kindly given for my uſe,
But never meant for my abuſe.

Good men, thy holy word atteſts,
Are kind and tender to their beaſts;
May I be merciful and kind,
That I with thee may mercy find!

ON THE

DEATH of Mrs. BLAKE,

OF

CROCKHORN:

Who died in a Week after being delivered of the Sixth Child.

WHAT eye forbids a tear, what heart a figh?
Fly ſome auſpicious angel, quickly fly!
The ſtroke too poignant is for man to bear,
If ſome celeſtial comfort be not there.
How anxiouſly the lov'd Eusebius ſtands,
To Heav'n in pray'r lifts up his ardent hands,
That when the trying period ſhall arrive,
The dear Amata be preſerv'd alive.

At length the hour advances, Heav'n ſeems kind,
And lo! a lovely infant ſoon we find;
The dear maternal friend bids fair for life,
The fond EUSEBIUS views his lovely wife,
The living mother of a living child,
And all the huſband all the father ſmil'd;
Joy fills his heart, love ſparkles in his eyes,
And each foreboding thought before him dies.
His grateful heart aſcends in praiſe to Heav'n,
Whoſe goodneſs had this double bleſſing giv'n;
Each friend congratulates the happy pair,
And wiſhes in their mutual joy to ſhare.
Life ſmiles on all, no trouble ſeems t'annoy,
But Ah! ſad change—How tranſient is the joy!
Each heart where gladneſs ſat—beneath the ſtroke
Sinks to deſpair, and all its comfort's broke,

Her

Her face, which yielded pleaſure and delight,
At once turns pale, and ſolemn as the night;
Gloom ſpreads around, her ſun withdraws his rays,
And ſets in the meridian of her days,
She meekly yields, ſinks from the fondeſt arms,
She dies!—and with her die a thouſand charms:
Earth ſeem'd unworthy of her longer ſtay,
And Heav'n receiv'd her to celeſtial day;
There ſhe beholds the glories of her LORD,
And all her virtues meet a full reward.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

By the Desire of a Lady, on Building Castles.

BUILDING of Castles did commence
In days of old, for our defence,
And usually erected were,
Adjacent to the seat of war;
Where blood and slaughter did abound,
And drench'd with gore the thirsty ground;
Where powder, darts, and bullets flew,
Nor one relenting passion knew;

But

But winging through the ſmoak and fire,
Made thouſands groan, bleed, and expire.

Caſtles were built firm and ſecure,
Wherein ſome treaſure to inſure;
With cells and caverns, dark, profound,
And walls impregnable around.
Its direful decorations are
The whole artillery of war;
Cannons and muſkets, ſwords and bombs,
Hangers and ſpears, and fifes and drums;
Bullets, and every fit ſupply,
Wherewith t' attack the enemy.

Some Caſtles too, of which we hear,
Are fabricated in the air;
But theſe are of the mental kind,
The ſole Conſtruction of the mind.

We in theſe æther caſtles ride,
With all the equipage of pride,
And in imagination riſe,
Superior monarchs of the ſkies.
One blaſt this edifice deſtroys,
Abortive are our promis'd joys.
Our Miniſtry this Caſtle built,
By which the blood of thouſands ſpilt;
Fancy'd a thouſand men or two
Could all AMERICA ſubdue:
But thrice ten thouſand croſs'd the main,
A million's in the conteſt ſlain:
Yet, Ah! fell Caſtle, direful ill,
AMERICA's unconquer'd ſtill.

Caſtles are an imperfect plan,
Of that ſuperior creature—Man.

The

The body is a Caſtle where,
The moſt intrinſic treaſures are;
Well fraught with arms for man's defence,
As reaſon, recollection, ſenſe;
Which if we exerciſe aright,
Put all our enemies to flight;
Spoil Envy with her pois'nous dart,
And wound Reſentment to the heart;
Bid Diſcontent and Anger fly,
And each unruly paſſion die;
Subdue Diſtruſt and ſad Deſpair,
And ſubſtitute Contentment there.
Thus conq'ring, we ſuperior riſe,
With ſhouts of vict'ry to the ſkies.
Where ev'ry Conqueror is bleſt,
In Caſtles of eternal reſt.

THE

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

THE

AUTHOR

Perſonates the Mother viewing the Portrait of Mr. T—— W——:

Who was then in the Eaſt-Indies.

LO! here the lovely portrait's ſeen,
But, Ah! what oceans roll between;
What tracks of land, and deſerts wild,
Divide me from my darling child!
Carnage, and death triumphant reign,
Storms riſe, and thunders roar in vain,
Nor rocks, nor racks, nor wars deter
The daring bold adventurer;

Diſdaining affluence, peace, and eaſe,
He braves the horrors of the ſeas.

Thou, whoſe omniſcient eye pervades
Celeſtial heights, and darkeſt ſhades,
Surveys at once each point of land,
And holds the ocean in thy hand,
Preſerve this brave, advent'rous youth,
And lead him to the paths of truth;
Still o'er his ev'ry thought preſide,
And bid his ſoul in thee confide,
Preſerve him, till each danger's o'er,
And land him on his native ſhore;
Then our exulting heart ſhall raiſe
A ſong of gratitude and praiſe.

ON

Hearing the Rev. Mr. R——D Read the Morning Service, And Preach, in St. THOMAS's Church, WINCHESTER.

WHEN plac'd within the conſecrated aiſle,
In penſive ſolitude I ſat a while;
At length with all the grace that Heav'n inſpires,
All that ſolemnity the Church requires,
Began the ſacred order of the day;
The Reverend R——D did each truth convey,
With ſuch an emphaſis as muſt impart
A ſacred pleaſure to each pious heart,

With ſuch a cadence he diſmiſs'd each clauſe,
As ſhould enforce a GOD's eternal laws.

Not as ſome Prieſts, who run o'er ev'ry pray'r,
As tho' no truth, or ſoul, or GOD were there;
The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,
And unaffected leaves the Church again;
While leſſer truths deliver'd on the ſtage,
Or even fictions will each mind engage,
Becauſe the player labours through his part,
To claim attention, and affect the heart.

If in a tragic character he moves,
And treats of deaths, or diſappointed loves,
Then all the horrors conſequent on death,
Dart from his eyes, and ſpeak in ev'ry breath;

Does

Does he th' afflicted lover perſonate,
Then all that ſofter paſſion can create,
Solicitude—love—anguiſh—grief—deſpair,
Yea ev'ry ſigh, and languid look is there,
'Till each ſpectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,
And thus concludes this ſcene of fancy'd woe.

But truths eternal, ſacred, and divine,
Where goodneſs, majeſty, and juſtice ſhine;
Yea truths on which our future hopes depend,
Truths which the moſt exalted mind tranſcend;
That awful tragedy in which a GOD
Pray'd, agoniz'd, & bath'd the ground with blood,
That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,
Nor wou'd his agonizing Maker view;
That love—ſtupendous love—ſurpaſſing thought,
Which paid our ranſom, tho' ſo dearly bought.

Theſe truths ſublime the audience coldly hear,
Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;
While at the play each boſom heaves a ſigh,
Lo! in the Church unmov'd they ſit,—But why?
The Prieſt to whom the embaſſy is giv'n,
Who is the high ambaſſador for Heav'n,
Treats ſacred truth with cold indifference,
As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.
Celeſtial themes, that move a ſeraph's lyre,
Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;
While the wiſe actor aims by his addreſs,
Each fiction as undoubted truth t'impreſs.
Would thoſe Divines, whom love cannot induce,
Whoſe languid hearts no ardor can diffuſe,
(Whoſe feet, perhaps, the church wou'd ne'er frequent,
If not inſpir'd by her emolument,)

Would

Would even gain inſtruction from the ſtage,
By any means their audience to engage.
Leſt months and years ſhould run their ample round,
And when the Maſter comes, no fruit be found,
No prodigal brought home, no ſin ſubdu'd,
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind renew'd
All's barren ground, when an incenſed GOD
Will from the Prieſt require his people's blood.

THE

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I choſe,
The vi'let ſweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming CHLOE's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs ſhe wore along the day:
And ev'ry nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undreſt at ev'ning when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

That eye dropt ſenſe, diſtinct and clear,
As any muſe's tongue could ſpeak;
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: Pr'ythee tell;
The falling tear—what does it mean?

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely mor'liſt ſaid,

See,

See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

Ah! me, the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
But fade at ev'ning pale, and gone!

At dawn poor STELLA danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youths around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhroud.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, DAMON, bid thy muſe diſplay,
The Juſtice of thy CHLOE's ſorrow.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

On reading STELLA's Account of the

DECEITFULNESS

OF

Human Friendſhip.

HOW true the tale which STELLA does relate,
Of treach'rous Love, and ſubtle Friendſhip's guiſe!
A thouſand STELLA's can ſuch woes repeat,
Yet triumph in the cauſe that made them wiſe.

From *diſappointment* cordial pleaſures ſpring,
Suff'ring and joy unſever'd *here* remain:
The roſe its thorn, the honey has its ſting,
And ev'ry pleaſure has its *ſiſter* pain.

Yet

Yet till home-taught experience has impreſs'd,
The awful truth upon our bleeding heart;
Unmingled happineſs we think poſſeſs'd,
Amidſt the glare of Nature and of art.

But Nature's ſoil can ne'er produce the fruit
Which was alone for Paradiſe deſign'd:
Pure love, in "GOD, in Reaſon ſtrikes its root,"
Sincere and laſting, as it is refin'd.

Nor youth's fantaſtic fires, nor paſſion's flame;
(Imagination's wild prolific brood)
Av'rice, ambition, honour, wealth, or fame,
Nobility or titles, birth or blood.

Not theſe our bliſs or greatneſs can reſtore:
In conſentaneous ſound they all agree;

"We

"We all are poor, as poverty is poor:
"True happineſs can ne'er be found in *me*."

Where then will Love, will ſacred Love reſide?
Parent of joy, and ſource of pure delight!
Is it to duſt and vanity ally'd,
Will it with ſin and miſery unite?

Alas! ſhe will not. Heav'n with Heav'n combines;
Chriſtian and Belial never can agree,
For GOD has drawn th' inſuperable lines,
And can't reverſe his irrevers'd decree.

The courtier, ſtateſman, hero, poet, ſage,
Grac'd with deep learning, or loquacious wit;
Profound in Grecian, or in Latin page;
Train'd up at Zeno's or Gamaliel's feet:

Renown'd in arms, and fam'd in councils, clear,
Sagacious, prudent, enterprising, bold,
Determin'd, firm, assiduous, sincere,
Unaw'd by menace, and unbrib'd by gold.

Nor sounds, nor sights, nor fragrant smells, nor taste;
Let art and fancy, fertile nature join:
The *good* alone in social love are blest,
And they who know it, know it all divine.

Let other bosoms glow with other fires,
And bask in fortune's or in beauty's ray:
Be mine the joy which piety inspires,
Be mine those charms which never will decay.

ON

ON THE

Death of the Rev. Mr. W——,

An eminent Miniſter of the Church of England:

Who died in NEW-ENGLAND, Sept. 30, 1770.

WHY doth all Nature wear an awful gloom?
And why, alas! exults yon diſtant tomb?
Why doth a ſable cloud the ſky o'er-ſpread?
W—— alas! ſeraphic W——'s dead!
The Friend, the Chriſtian, the approv'd Divine,
The Saint in whom the love of GOD did ſhine.
His tongue was touch'd with evangelic fire,
And heav'nly raptures did his ſoul inſpire.
When forth into this world this Herald came,
Reſolv'd to propagate IMMANUEL's name;

To ſet his glory forth from pole to pole,
Were the capacious breathings of his ſoul.
He loudly did the Goſpel trumpet ſound,
Whilſt thouſands trembled as they ſtood around;
Proclaim'd the ſuff'rings of a dying GOD,
And pointing ſinners to his pard'ning blood,
Enforc'd to all the great neceſſity
Of knowing this—-" The SAVIOUR dy'd for me."
Thus was our nation bleſs'd with goſpel truth,
Boldly deliver'd by this choſen Youth,
Who, with an heart inflam'd with JESU's love,
Caus'd GOD to pour his bleſſings from above.
But did this Champion—this Reverend Divine
His glorious miſſion to this iſle confine?
No, no, his gracious Captain points the way
Beyond the ſeas, and W—— muſt obey;

For

For in his Maker's will he did rejoice,
Was all attention to his ſacred voice.
When JESUS bade o'er raging ſeas to paſs,
Through vaſt *America* to ſound his grace,
There like an Herald for the bleeding Lamb,
He went, and did the Negroes ſouls inflame.
Shew'd Ethiopians their Redeemer nigh,
To cleanſe their ſpotted ſouls from deepeſt dye.
In ſuch pathetic accents mov'd his tongue,
As rent and broke the very heart of ſtone.
Thus did he ſound his Maker's praiſe abroad,
A lab'rer in the vineyard of his GOD.
But now, Alas! his labours are all o'er,
The fields do eccho with his voice no more;
No more from his dear *Engliſh* friends he parts,
No more returns to animate their hearts,

But leaves ten thouſand thouſands to deplore
The death of him, who lives to die no more.
Let things inanimate his worth proclaim!
And ſhout from ſea to ſea his wond'rous name!
O ye nocturnal luminaries, tell
What love for ſouls did in his boſom dwell!
Say, ſay what nights this advocate with GOD
Spent, wreſtling to avert th' impending rod.
Let fair AURORA in her turn declare,
How he preceded her by praiſe and pray'r.
Let churches, chapels, tabernacles tell,
Who e'er within their walls did him excel.
Let counties, cities, towns, and ſtreets proclaim,
How faithfully he did the truth maintain.
Say, winds and waves, how oft the Saint ye've
toſs'd,
When he for GOD the great Atlantic croſs'd?

And

And let the Continent abroad begin,
To tell what heav'nly news he there did bring;
How he explained the love of JESU's heart,
'Till ſinners with their ev'ry ſin did part.
Hell trembled when this god-like man aroſe,
And all its votaries commenc'd his foes.
Say, Prince Infernal, how inhanc'd thy ire,
When JESUS did his W——'s ſoul inſpire;
When like a flaming Seraph round he flew,
Thy works, thy cauſe, thy kingdom overthrew?
Say, ye celeſtial Angels, how ye fled,
On willing wings, to guard his favour'd head.
Say, ev'ry Saint, how did your hearts rejoice,
When e'er ye heard the ſound of W——'s voice;
Well might each boſom ſigh, each Chriſtian weep,
When this ſeraphic Herald fell aſleep.

But

But could we quit theſe tenements of clay,
And ſoar aloft into celeſtial day.
There faithful W—— may at once be found,
With an eternal wreath of glory crown'd,
And ſhouting loud Hoſannahs to that God,
Who made him more than conqu'ror thro' his blood.
May we, like him, each breath for JESUS ſpend,
Like W—— perſevere unto the end,
Like him, ſail thro' this life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Fight the good fight, and gain the victory.
That, when the laſt tremendous trump ſhall ſound,
We in the wedding garment may be found;
With Angels, Saints, and favor'd W—— meet,
And ever worſhip at Immanuel's feet;
There ſing the wonders of redeeming love,
With all the blood-bought company above.

ALCI-

ALCIDOR.

WHILE Monarchs in ſtern battle ſtrove
For proud, imperial ſway,
Abandon'd to his milder love,
Within a ſilent, peaceful grove,
ALCIDOR careleſs lay.

Some term'd it cold, unmanly fear,
Some nicety of ſenſe,
That drums and trumpets could not hear,
The ſullying blaſts of powder bear,
Or with foul camps diſpenſe.

A pa-

A patient martyr to their ſcorn,
And each ill-faſhion'd jeſt,
The youth, who but for love was born,
Remain'd,—that it was vaſt return
To reign in CLORIA's breaſt.

But O, a ruffling ſoldier came
In all the pomp of war;
The Gazettes long had ſpoke his fame;
Now Hautboys his approach proclaim,
And draw in crowds from far.

CLORIA among the reſt would gaze,
And as ſhe nearer drew,
The man of feather and of lace
Stop'd ſhort, and with profound amaze
Took all her charms to view.

A bow,

A bow, which from campaigns he brought,
Down to his holſters low,
Her, and the ſpectators taught,
That her the faireſt nymph he thought
Of all that form'd the row.

Next day, or 'ere the ſun was ſeen,
Or any gate unbarr'd,
At her's, upon th' adjoining green,
From ranks, with waving flags between,
Were ſoften'd trumpets heard.

The noon does following treats provide
In the pavillion's ſhade;
The neighbourhood, and all beſide
That will attend the am'rous pride,
All welcom'd with the maid.

Poor

Poor ALCIDOR, thy hopes are croſt!
Go, periſh on the ground!
Thy ſighs by ſtrongeſt notes are toſt,
Drove back, or in the paſſage loſt—
Rich wines thy tears have drown'd.

In women's hearts, the ſofteſt things
Which nature could deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh and jarring ſtrings,
Which, when loud fame or profit rings,
Will anſwer to the noiſe.

Poor ALCIDOR! go fight, or die?
Let thy fond notions ceaſe:
Man was not made in ſhades to lie,
Or his full bliſs in eaſe enjoy;
To *live*, or *love* in peace!

ON THE FIRST GENERAL FAST, AFTER The Commencement of the late War.

WHEN direful judgments pour in like a flood,
And fields, Alas! are drench'd with human blood;
When armies after armies proſtrate lie,
And brother, by his brother's hand muſt die;
When kingdoms ſeem to riſe, or empires fall,
One great Omnipotent conducts it all;
And thoſe have but a ſuperficial ſcan,
Who view no higher origin than man.

Be ſtill, methinks I hear JEHOVAH cry,
Be ſtill before your GOD, and know 'tis I!

'Tis I make peace, and I create ſtern war,
And ride to battle in my flaming car;
I guide the bullet, point the glitt'ring ſword,
Defeat, or conqueſt, wait my awful word.
But do I pleaſure in deſtruction take,
Or have your ſins not bid the ſword awake?
Do not a nation's ſad offences fall,
For national calamities to call?

Great Sov'reign LORD, we own thy judgements juſt,
And hide our guilty faces in the duſt;
Rejoice to hear a day is ſanctify'd
T' implore thy aid, and humble Britain's pride.
But may we not in this incur the rod,
And make a ſolemn mockery of GOD?
To abſtain from food, to take our prayer-books,
And walk to church with evangelic looks;

To bend the knee, or move the lips in prayer,
If all the heart be not engaged there,
Is empty ſhew, a poor external part,
While GOD, the omniſcient GOD, demands the heart;
And ſhould we fail in this grand ſacrifice,
The whole would be offenſive in his eyes.

Deſcend, Celeſtial Dove, with holy fire,
And pure devotion ev'ry ſoul inſpire.
May vital pray'r, expreſs'd by ardent ſighs,
Aſcend to GOD, and penetrate the ſkies.
Let all the nation thus with faſting turn,
And hearts ſincere, their paſt tranſgreſſions mourn;
Then is eternal truth engag'd to bleſs,
And crown our joint petitions with ſucceſs.

THE

AUTHOR

Being requeſted on a Sunday Evening, by a Company of gay Ladies, to write a few Lines of POETRY inſtantaneouſly; ſhe accordingly preſented them with the following.

WHEN you, good Ladies, bade me write,
My drowſy muſe had taken flight;
But 'ere ſhe reach'd her moſſy bed,
I gave a call, and back ſhe fled.

I humbly aſk'd her what to ſay,
She anſwer'd—" On a Sabbath Day,

" If

"If you perſume to write a line,
"Be careful that it is divine:
"For know that every word and thought
"Shall be to ſtricteſt judgment brought;
"And what is now tranſacted here,
"Shall to unnumber'd worlds appear;
"When earth ſhall from her center fly,
"And ſtars deſert the blazing ſky;
"When frighted ſouls in vain ſhall call
"For rocks and hills on them to fall:
"Then let this day and night be ſpent,
"As in that day you'll not repent."

TO SOLITUDE.

THOU gentle nurſe of pleaſing woe!
To thee from crouds, and noiſe, and ſhow,
With eager haſte I fly;
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
O let no buſy foot intrude,
Nor liſt'ning ear be nigh!

Soft, ſilent, melancholy maid!
With thee to yon ſequeſter'd ſhade,
My penſive ſteps I bend;
Still at the mild approach of night,
Where CYNTHIA lends her ſober light,
Do thou my walk attend.

To thee alone my conſcious heart,
Its tender ſorrows dares impart,
And eaſe my lab'ring breaſt;
To thee I truſt the riſing ſigh,
And bid the tear that ſwells mine eye,
No longer be ſuppreſs'd.

With thee among the haunted groves,
The lovely ſorc'reſs fancy roves,
O let me find her here!
For ſhe can time and ſpace controul,
And ſwift tranſport my fleeting ſoul,
To all it holds moſt dear!

Ah no! ye vain deluſions, hence!
No more the hallow'd influence
Of Solitude pervert!

Shall

Shall fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to wiſdom's awful pow'r,
And calm reflection's part?

O wiſdom! from the ſea-beat ſhore,
Where liſt'ning to the ſolemn roar,
Thy lov'd ELIZA ſtrays;
Vouchſafe to viſit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
Thy Heav'n-protected ways.

Oh, guide me to the humble cell
Where reſignation likes to dwell,
Contentment's bow'r in view;
Nor pining grief with abſence dear,
Nor ſick ſuſpence, nor anxious fear,
Shall there my ſteps purſue.

There let my ſoul to him aſpire,
Whom none e'er ſought with vain deſire,
Nor lov'd in ſad deſpair!
There to his gracious will divine,
My deareſt, fondeſt hope reſign,
And all my tend'reſt care.

Then peace ſhall heal the wounded breaſt,
That pants to ſee another bleſt,
From ſelfiſh paſſion pure;
Peace, which when human wiſhes riſe,
Increaſe, for aught beneath the ſkies,
Can never be ſecure.

A POEM,

A

P O E M,

OCCASIONED BY

Hearing prophane Curſing and Swearing,

At the Time of the American War.

AND can we wonder if the ſword,
Is plung'd in brother's blood?
If threat'ning vengeance flies around,
From a tremendous God.

When daring ſinners thus preſume,
His anger to provoke;
When daily with impunity,
His dread command is broke.

What

What hath eternal truth declar'd,
None guiltleſs ſhall remain,
Who ſwears by ought in Heaven or Earth,
Or takes his name in vain?

Yet imprecations fill our ſtreets,
And bold blaſphemers dare,
Invoke damnation from above,
And by JEHOVAH ſwear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,
Omnipotence defies;
Compels a long forbearing GOD,
In judgment to ariſe.

What! trifle with that ſacred name,
Whoſe goodneſs gives us breath?

Or

Or juſtice ſmites our feeble frame,
And chains us down in death?

Will not incenſced Majeſty,
In vengeance lift his hand;
And bid deſerved judgments fall,
On ſuch a guilty land?

O when will ſinners ceaſe from ſin,
And call for bleſſings down?
Then ſhall the ſword be ſheath'd again,
And laurels deck the crown.

ON

ON

WINTER.

Wrote ſome Time in Winter.

THE ſun far ſouthward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-eaſt wind lays the foreſt bare,
he fruit ungathered quits the naked ſpray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

o mark of vegetable life is ſeen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
ve the dark leaves of ſome rude ever-green,
Save the lone Red-breaſt on the moſs-grown wall.

Where are the ſprightly ſcenes by ſpring ſupply'd,
The may-flowr'd hedges ſcenting every breeze;
The white flocks ſcatt'ring o'er the mountains ſide,
The wood-lark warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay ſummer's ſportive inſect-train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-paſturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow ſhade.

Where is brown autumn's evening, mild and ſtill,
What time the ripen'd corn freſh fragrance yields;

What

What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud ſhouts echo o'er the harveſt fields?

To former ſcenes our fancy thus returns,
To former ſcenes, that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us, and our ſummer burns,
Yet we diſlike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then reſtleſs fancy flies,
Where Indian ſtreams through green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter ſuns, and ever tranquil ſkies,
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth theſe fairer, happier lands ſurvey!
There half the year deſcends in wat'ry ſtorms;

Or nature ſickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the ſun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward paſſing on the ſhadeleſs way,
His joyleſs life, the weary lab'rer yields,
And inſtant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's ſtrife
Who dreams of conſtant happineſs below?
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the ſtage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchaſtis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by falſe hope in ſearch of many a joy;
I find

I find, on earth's bleak clime, no bleſt abode,
No place, no ſeaſon, ſacred from annoy.

For me, while winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days, I'll human life compare:
Not thoſe more fraught with clouds, and winds, and rains,
Than with this pining pain, and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind, our fate!
Whate'er the ſeaſon, or the place poſſeſt,
We ever murmur at our preſent ſtate;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our reſt.

Why elſe, when heard in evening's ſolemn gloom,
Does the ſad knell, that, ſounding o'er the plain,

Tolls ſome poor lifeleſs body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breaſt with melancholy pain?

The voice of reaſon echoes in my ear,
Thus thou, e'er long, muſt join thy kindred clay:
No more this breaſt the vital ſpirit ſhare,
No more theſe eye-lids open on the day.

O winter, round me ſpread thy joyleſs reign,
Thy threatning ſkies in duſky horrors dreſt;
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor aſk an EDEN for a tranſient gueſt.

Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has heav'n ordain'd of uſeful woe,
To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat.

There

There is who deems all climes all ſeaſons fair,
There is who knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife;
Contentment, ſmiling at each idle care,
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life.

She finds, in winter, many a ſcene to pleaſe,
The morning landſcape fring'd with froſt-work gay,
The ſun at noon ſeen through the leafleſs trees,
The clear, calm æther, at the cloſe of day.

She bids for all, our grateful praiſe ariſe
To Him, whoſe mandate ſpake the world to form;
For ſpring's gay bloom, and ſummer's chearful ſkies,
And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter's founding ſtorm.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.

On a YOUNG MAN, who died three Days after he was married.

ALL fleſh is graſs—Important truth!
Nor dare we boaſt of health or youth,
The nuptial bed I ſcarce had trod,
'Ere ſummon'd forth to meet my GOD,
Compell'd to leave my weeping bride,
Sunk from her tender arms, and dy'd.

Another.—On a YOUNG LADY.

BEHOLD ye thoughtleſs, young, and gay!
What I am now, ye ſhortly may.
I preach whilſt here I mould'ring lie;
And this my text—*Prepare to die!*

Another.—On an AMIABLE WIFE.

SHE's gone!—the dear companion of my bed,
And with her ev'ry earthly bliſs is fled;
An empty world is all I now can boaſt,
With her my ev'ry wiſh and joy was loſt.

On hearing the Tolling of a Bell,

In a very unhealthy Spring, when great Numbers were called to Eternity.

WHAT do I hear—or fancy that I hear?
(As long accuſtom'd to the doleful ſound)
The tolling of yon melancholy bell!
Which has for weeks and months, inceſſantly,

Some

Some dreadful ſtory in my ears proclaim'd,
And with repeated ſtrokes alarm'd the town!

Alas! tis more than fancy——Hark! it ſtrikes!
Yea more, in language moſt emphatical,
It ſpeaks!—My inmoſt ſoul with horror fills,
What does the dread but true informer ſay?
What doth it intimate or what declare?
Not that ſome valiant chief, mighty in arms,
Returns, with honour and with conqueſt crown'd:
Nor that a noble heir is lately born,
Whoſe birth makes joyful his glad parents hearts,
And proves perhaps a bliſs to future days:
Nor that the nuptial knot has juſt been ty'd

Between

Between ſome happy pair, who mutually
Agree to ſpend their future days in love's
Embrace—Nor is it what wou'd be leſs pleaſing,
That ſome intolerable woe is near,
If an expedient be not quickly found
T' avert, or diſſipate th' impending ſtroke;
For were it thus, each may allay his grief,
And with a peradventure quell the ſigh.
But ah! it leaves us not one glimpſe of hope,
More than portention in its voice is heard.
It tells us that the fatal dart is fled,
Lodg'd in the vitals, in the heart, or head,
Of ſome one of the race of fallen Adam:
And that an awful ſeparation's made,
The ſpirit forc'd from her clay tenement,
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, away ſhe's fled,
To ſtand before the heart rein-trying GOD.

And

And now her die eternally is caſt
In ſad perdition, or in endleſs bliſs.
In vain ten thouſand arts would now combine,
Ten thouſand briny ſhow'rs be pour'd in vain,
Or all the treaſures of the Indies brought,
To make the ſoul reſume her wonted ſeat,
Or actuate the inanimated clay.
Such is the conqueſt, ſuch the pow'r of death,
Who daily ſome new trophy doth erect,
To ſhew how univerſally he reigns.
O thou inimitable King of Terrors!
Shall none eſcape from thy voracious jaws,
But wilt thou ſtill continue to deſtroy,
Nor heed what age, what quality, or ſex?
The tender babe, the great, the wiſe, the good,
The hoary head, the mean, the weak, the vile,
Are all by thee, alike, reduc'd to duſt!

Deſtruction

Deſtruction is eſſential to thy nature,
And formidable to thy very name.

But oh! my ſoul, why rageſt thou at death?
He is but the vicegerent of his GOD,
Nor did he ever give the mortal wound,
Until the fatal mandate had been ſeal'd,
And ſent from the tremendous court of heav'n:
And then, indeed, obſequious to his GOD,
And deaf to all the cries of ſinful man,
At once he executes his dread command.
'Tis heav'n's decree, ſince thy firſt parents ſinn'd,
And doſt thou at the juſt decree repine?)
That ev'ry ſoul of man ſhould paſs through death.
So, if thou traceſt matters to their ſource,
That monſter ſin, was the efficient cauſe
Of all calamities, of ev'ry death;

Of that for which I now hear yonder knell,
Which brings this ſecret horror o'er my heart.

Sinner awake, the deathly ſignal hear,
Regard it as a monitor to thee!
A gracious call, a ſpecial voice from heav'n!
But ah! death's viſits now ſo frequent are;
Men laugh at death, and lightly of him deem!
Though dead in ſin, and enemies to GOD,
They think to meet him with an air of triumph;
Nor ever dream, that at his dread approach,
Ten thouſand horrors will at once awake!
Conſcience, though ſtifl'd till that very moment,
Will, like ſome potent prince, victorious riſe,
And act the part for which it was deſign'd.
Open the book of records, and arrange
In dread array * before the ſinner's mind,

* A law term as well as a military. Ten

Ten thouſand times ten thouſand paſt tranſ-
greſſions!
Which had for years as in oblivion lain,
(Then blacken'd with the love of ſlighted grace,)
Will all appear—diſtract the guilty mind,
And drive the frantic ſoul to deep deſpair.

Then with a fearful looking for of death,
She dies—and ſinks into the dark abyſs,
Nor ever knows a period to her pains.
For ſtill, and ſtill, and ſtill, 'tis "wrath to come!
O then vain man, "work while 'tis call'd to-day,"
Bethink thyſelf, before it be too late,
Fall quickly to ſoliloquy, and ſay,—
Am I not immortal, like my fellow-creature?
And can I call one inch of time my own,
Or boaſt myſelf in the approaching hour?

With great celerity my moments fly,
Surely my days will ſhortly find a period!

Suppoſe it now!—Bring death's pale aſpect near,
See him and his concomitants advance!
Fancy the well-aim'd arrow on the wing,—
Sev'ring thy ſoul from all terreſtrial things!
To ſtand before the great tremendous Judge,
Whoſe piercing eye hath taken cognizance
Of ev'ry thought, and word, and act unjuſt,
By thee committed, but by thee forgot!
Lo! the minuteſt has not miſs'd his notice,
Nor ſlipt the mind of the ETERNAL ALL.

How ſtands thy ſoul affected at the thought?
Ah! is there not a ſomething that recoils

And

And wiſhes to poſtpone the fatal hour?
This argues all is not aright within;
And that if death ſhould find thee as thou art,
Thou wouldſt not die, as doth a bird, or beaſt,
Who are annihilated at their death,
But dying, die, and die, and never die.
O then redeem thy time, to JESUS fly,
With ſpeed take ſhelter in his bleeding wounds,
Who only takes away death's poignant ſting,
And turns the ghaſtly monſter to a friend.
Make ſure thy int'reſt in the bleeding Lamb,
Nor let him reſt, until he ſpeaks thee peace:
Then come whatever may, come life or death,
To live will then be CHRIST, to die be gain.
Death will be more deſired by thy ſoul,
Than all the honours that the world beſtows:
For by his friendly hand thou'lt part with ſin,

And from a world of ſorrow, grief, and pain,
To the immediate preſence of thy GOD,
There baſk in ſeas of uncreated bliſs!
In exſtaſies to worms on earth unknown!
With angels and arch-angels, ſweetly join,
To ſing the praiſes of a TRIUNE-GOD.

An Hymn for Conſecration,

Sung at the opening of the Counteſs of H—'s Chapels, in *Brecon*, *Worceſter*, &c.

COME JESUS! come and bleſs this place!
'Tis open'd in thy name;
Deſcend with ſhow'rs of heav'nly grace,
And conſecrate the ſame.

Eternal

Eternal GOD, our pray'r attend,
Diffuſe thy love around:
As to the burning buſh, deſcend
And make it holy ground!

Bid each the man of ſin put by!
As Moſes did of old
His ſhoes put off, when he drew nigh,
Thy glory to behold.

Lord, let thy glory fill this place,
Yea fill each ſinner's heart:
Come thou incarnate Prince of Peace,
And never more depart.

In vain we are aſſembled here,
If JESUS does not come:
Appear,

Appear, thou bleeding Lamb, appear,
Let every heart make room!

Within theſe walls let thouſands, Lord,
Thro' grace be born of thee;
And in this place thy name record,
'Till time no more ſhall be.

Now, Saviour, now thy work begin,
Thy potent arm diſplay:
Let ſome poor rebel dead in ſin
Be made alive to-day!

Call ſome poor wand'rer by thy grace,
Who knew thee not before:
So ſhall we bleſs thee for this place
When time ſhall be no more.

On

On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— from Pſalm lxv. 2.

O thou that heareſt Prayer, unto thee ſhall all fleſh come.

WITH calm attention lo! I heard,
My heart the ſage divine rever'd,
While he with holy zeal explain'd
The gracious words the text contain'd.
I'll bid the muſe the theme prolong,
And form the ſubſtance in a ſong.

To GOD the LORD ſhall man repair
By public and by private pray'r;
Thus humbly his dependance own
On thee, thou infinite, unknown.

Where

Where two or three are met in pray'r;
Lo! GOD hath promis'd to be there;
He's there a preſent help to bleſs,
Crown each petition with ſucceſs,
Or in his wiſer way our wants redreſs.

If warm'd by pure devotion's fire,
We to our cloſet ſhould retire;
There, unperceiv'd by human eye,
Pour fourth to GOD our plaintive cry,
Or ſend before the throne a contrite ſigh;
Lo! he'll on wings of love deſcend,
And to our various wants attend.
Here we may get our hearts renew'd,
And each unruly luſt ſubdu'd:
Here virtue draw from JESU's blood,
And hold ſweet intercourſe with GOD:

Here

Here we may all our griefs reveal,
Nor one beloved ſin conceal;
For, 'ere we ſpeak, Omniſcience knows
What all our words and tears diſcloſe?
Then ſome celeſtial cordial gives,
And lo the contrite ſinner lives.

Not all the wealth the Indies own,
Crowns, or the moſt exalted throne,
Should counterpoiſe the bliſs of pray'r,
When GOD is by his preſence there.
In pray'r ſeraphic joys we find,
Which quite transform the earthly mind.
The man who always, 'ere he pray'd,
From the bright path of duty ſtray'd,
Lo! now he gladly runs therein,
And hates the garments ſtain'd by ſin.

This

This change is in himſelf alone,
For changes are to GOD unknown;
(Fixt as his own eternal name)
To-day and yeſterday the ſame:
With endleſs glory to reward
Each humble follower of the Lord;
And fix'd his purpoſe to diſdain
The ſoul who will in ſin remain;
Who ſlights the offers of his grace,
And never bows to ſeek his face.

As ſoon may man by air exiſt,
Or brutes without their food ſubſiſt;
The feather'd warblers live in floods,
Or the finn'd tribes amid the woods;
As ſoon may Satan burn with love,
Or GOD a fount of envy prove,

As ſhall the ſoul to heav'n aſcend,
Who without pray'r his days ſhall end.

When man has miſimprov'd his time,
And ſpent his youth, and health, and prime,
Only his God to diſobey;
When death advances, he may pray:
But then his pray'r may be in vain,
God juſtly may his ſuit diſdain.
He may, 'tis true, his grace extend,
And ev'n in death commence his friend.
So let the dying not deſpair,
But oh! let all the living fear;
For, on an awful chance depends
A world of bliſs, that never ends.
God may accept,—and he may not—
He may thy name for ever blot

Out of his book of life divine,
And thy ſad ſoul to hell conſign.

Then form your hearts, in health, to pray,
Not let appearances diſmay
Your ſeeking ſouls:—Though good men lie
On beds of languiſhment, and die;
And though the wicked ſeem to riſe
On tow'ring pinions to the ſkies,
Think not the juſt has no reward,
Or is forgotten by his LORD,
Or that his wrath does not remain
On thoſe who do his grace diſdain:
The wicked lives but to fulfil
The direful meaſure of his ill;
Each day ſtill makes the ſinner worſe,
And life by ſin becomes a curſe;

The greater his iniquity,
The more his puniſhment will be.
The good man dies, leaves earth and pain,
A crown of glory to obtain;
And if through life GOD try'd his grace,
Twas but his glory to increaſe.

Let man before his GOD be ſtill,
Pray with ſubmiſſion to his will:
If what we aſk be for our good,
Twill not be by our LORD withſtood;
But if he e'er our ſuit denies
Twas wrong—for he's immenſely wiſe.
Nature would aſk for health and reſt,
When pain and ſickneſs may be beſt;
Our droſſy nature to refine;—
If ſo, be pain and ſickneſs mine.

The chaſt'ning rod I'll ne'er diſpiſe,
'Tis a rich bleſſing in diſguiſe.

Be thus reſign'd and paſſive found,
In works of holineſs abound.
Let ev'ry word, and work, and thought,
Be into ſtrict obedience brought:
But here beware of a miſtake,
Leſt that be fatal which you make.
Think not by this thy heav'n to gain,
Or all thy righteouſneſs is vain;
Nought but a Saviour's precious blood
Can give thy ſoul acceſs to GOD;
Nought but his ſpotleſs righteouſneſs,
(And not thy works) muſt be thy dreſs.
'Twas he that firſt thy ſoul inſpir'd,
Thy heart with pure devotion fir'd;

He

He gave thee faith, and faith's increaſe;
Purchas'd thy pardon, ſeal'd thy peace,
And bid thee live and grow in grace.
He is the firſt, and he alone
The laſt, the great, and corner ſtone;
Who builds upon this rock ſhall ſtand,
Who builds without it, builds on ſand;
And be his fabric ne'er ſo tall,
Twill in the day of trial fall.

Then wou'd you live and learn to die,
Live holy, yet your works decry;
And only hope a ſeat above,
Thro' boundleſs grace and dying love.

ON RETIREMENT.

BEAR me, ye friendly powers, to peaceful ſcenes,
To ſhady bowers, and never-fading greens,
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor claſh of arms.
Unenvied may the laurels ever grow,
That never flouriſh but in human woe:
If never earth the wreath triumphant bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, and orphans' tears.

Hail, ye ſoft ſeats! ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye verdant meads, ye vales, and mazy woods,

Ye

Ye limpid floods, that ever-murmuring flow,
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow;
Ye ſhady vales, where cooling zephyrs play;
Ye woods, where untaught warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
With age, unknown to pain or ſorrow, bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring, as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame,
Diſſolving, turns to aſhes whence it came;
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots, ye awful, ſolemn cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,

Guard

Guard me from ſplendid cares, from tireſome ſtate,
The pompous miſery of being great!
Content with eaſe; ambitious to deſpiſe
Illuſtrious vanity, and glorious vice.

While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away,
Come, thou chaſte maid; here let me ever ſtay;
Here court the muſes, while the ſun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the ſky:
Or while ſtill night's dark wings the globe ſurround,
And the pale moon glides on her ſolemn round.
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radiant worlds that float in ambient air:
Or when Aurora, from his eaſtern bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,

Reclin'd

Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed,
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and ancient days renew.

Charm me, ye ſacred leaves, with noble themes,
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames.
Ye reſtleſs paſſions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail! ye myſterious oracles of GOD!
Here I behold, how infant time began!
How the duſt mov'd, and quick'ned into man!
There tread on hallow'd ground, where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with GOD:
Or hear the voice to ſlumb'ring prophets given,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heaven!

Seaſon-

Seaſonable Admonition.

IF Scripture is to be our guide,
If by its precepts we are try'd;
I think that I have read therein,
Thou ſhalt reprove thy brother's ſin.

Then call me not preſuming maid,
If I this precept have betray'd;
Tho' heav'n on you doth ſeem to ſmile,
Take heed leſt Satan you beguile;
Tho' you from low mechanics raiſe
Yourſelves to ſound EMANUEL's praiſe;
Tho' from apparel mean and bare,
You now have huzzar cloaks to wear;

Tho'

Tho' leaving lab'ring with your hands,
You now appear in gowns and bands;
Yea, tho' with gifts from heaven bleſt,
Of knowledge, light, and zeal, poſſeſs'd;
If haughty thoughts inſpire your ſoul,
It marrs the glory of the whole;
If you advanc'd by charity,
Behave yourſelves imperiouſly;
Forget your former low eſtate,
And let high thoughts your minds elate;
Aſſume ſo much if ſome neglect,
To ſhew that homage you expect;
If ſupercilious thus your mein,
Why all your preaching proves in vain;
Your precepts grate upon the ear,
And you as ſounding braſs appear.

Ha!

Ha! this is not the narrow way
That leads unto celeſtial day;
The way the Bleſſed Jesus trod,
The way to holineſs and God.
Come learn of me, the Saviour cry'd,
Forego your arrogance and pride,
Be humble, lowly, meek in heart,
Or elſe with me you have no part.
He ſpake, nor did his works deny,
What his bleſs'd words did juſtify;
Altho' the Lord of glory he,
To teach us true humility,
Found not a place to lay his head,
Much leſs diſpleas'd to *change his* Bed.
Theſe friendly hints in love apply,
And I'll my faithful pen lay by.

ON

ON INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE—thou ſin accurſt,
Of ev'ry ſin pronounc'd the worſt;
Deteſted weed, where'er thou'rt found,
Infernal poiſon ſwells the ground.

Chriſtians, who at perfection aim,
Or to its ſacred heights attain,
God-like, in ll they act or ſay,
Will injuries with kindneſs pay.

Heathens, who led by nature's ravs.
Nor ever bleſt
.. with goſpel days,

By nature's dictates underſtood,
'Twere juſt to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reaſon ne'er poſſeſt,
Can act no higher than a beaſt;
Led by their own revengeful will,
Will doubtleſs render ill for ill.

But thou accurſt, where'er thou art,
Conſcience will know and point the dart:
Thou who repayeſt *good* with *evil*,
Art only equall'd by the Devil.

AN HYMN FOR A CHILD,

Who had loſt its Father or Mother.

O Thou, who once didſt children bleſs,
And take them in thy arms;
Defend the infant, fatherleſs,
And guard my feet from harms.

Thou canſt the loſs of friends ſupply,
And turn to good each ill;
Though ev'ry friend ſhould fail or die,
Thou art all gracious ſtill.

Thy wiſdom and thy pow'r I own,
For all thy ways are juſt;
The prince—thou raiſeſt to his throne,
Or lay'ſt him down in duſt.

May I obey thy ſacred word,
In theſe my infant days;
Grow up in all things like my LORD,
And learn to liſp his praiſe.

So ſhall I find thy promis'd reſt,
When this frail life is o'er,
And meet in my dear SAVIOUR's breaſt,
My friends fled hence before.

ON

ON THE

Death of the Author's Mother,

Mrs. CAVE, of BRECON,

Who died February 6, 1777.

And I heard a voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, write, Bleſſed are the dead which die in the LORD, *from henceforth: Yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their labours; and their works do follow them.*—Rev. xiv. 13.

'TIS done,—'tis GOD has call'd her,—
I ſubmit,
And humbly own that beſt which he thinks fit.
But, ah! when firſt I heard the direful news,
My wounded ſoul all comfort did refuſe:
I heard—I felt—I ſunk beneath the ſtroke,
With very grief my vital ſpirits broke.
I view'd the dear-lov'd face, conſign'd to death,
And heard her bleſs me with her parting breath.

My heart was full, and in my grief I cry'd,
" Oh! that I had with my dear mother dy'd;"
A thouſand of her ſoft endearing words
Flew to my mind, and pierc'd my heart like ſwords.
She gave me birth, and more than twenty years
I've been the object of her anxious cares.
Thro' helpleſs infancy ſhe ſav'd from harms,
And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.
She ſympathiz'd in all my pain and grief,
And would have borne it all for my relief.

And is that precious life for ever o'er?
And ſhall I find maternal love no more;
In vain this vaſt terreſtrial ball I trace,
I view no more that lovely, deareſt face:
No more her tender, Chriſtian letters ſee,
Nor hear how oft ſhe wept and pray'd for me.

Oh!

Oh! worſt of days, that has bereft of life,
So dear a mother, and ſo lov'd a wife.
Where ſhall I go to eaſe my burthen'd heart!
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a part?
Alas! there's none—O let me weep and ſigh!
I'll mourn and wail my loſs until I die!

Thus nature felt and ſpoke; for reaſon fled,
And faith and hope lay bury'd with the dead;
But there's a GOD, a never-failing friend,
Whoſe pity, love, and goodneſs, know no end.
I knew him ſuch, I to his foot-ſtool flew,
And found his promiſes were firm and true.
He heard my ſad complaint, he gave relief,
And bade me riſe ſuperior to my grief.
Huſh—nature—then I cry'd, nor more complain,
She only left a world of grief and pain,

To enter manſions of eternal reſt,
To live and reign with GOD, for ever bleſt.
How patient in affliction, how reſign'd,
How meet for glory was her peaceful mind!
She welcom'd death, and ſaid, *Lord, quickly come,*
And take me hence, I long to be at home.
She bleſt her houſe, and bid them ceaſe to weep,
Then, with a ſmile, in CHRIST ſhe fell aſleep.

Hail then, dear ſaint in thy immortal joy!
In bliſs ſuperlative, without alloy.
Live with thy GOD, nor let my partial mind
E'er wiſh thy ſtay from joys ſo unconfin'd;
But let my grateful heart in praiſe aſcend,
To that all-gracious, all-victorious friend
Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the end.

A Birth-

A

Birth-Day Reflection.

RETURN'D I ſee my natal day,
(Important time to me,)
When heav'n inform'd the lifeleſs clay,
And gave it life to be.

I live to ſee another year,
But what for God is done?
Ye tranſient ſcenes again appear,
And tell how time has run.

My

My infant days paſs'd heedleſs by,
Nor more than inſtinct knew;
Till reaſon's ſlowly opening eye
Could form th' idea true.

Beneath my parents tender care
Securely I abode;
They ſhew'd me virtue's path, how fair,
Though intricate the road!

E'en then in ſecret have I ſigh'd
To run the heav'nly race;
And oft' my feeble heart has cry'd,
"Give me, O LORD, thy grace!"

But tranſient as the morning cloud,
When ſhines the op'ning day;

Or

Or as the dew, my early good
Soon vaniſh'd quite away.

Pleaſure's ſoft call allur'd my heart,
The feſtive dance and ſong;
While the tragedian's ſpecious art
Made the enchantment ſtrong.

Yet ſtill, amidſt theſe mingled ſweets,
The conſcious tear would riſe;
And Wiſdom whiſper'd, "Earth admits
"Of no ſubſtantial joys.

"Know, mortal life is but a ſtream,
"And pleaſure but a ſhade:
"The bliſs you now purſue's a dream,
"And like a dream will fade."

'Tis

'Tis juſt, I've ſaid, I will be wiſe,
My folly LORD forgive;
And I to-morrow will ariſe.
And to thy glory live.

The morning came, freſh health aroſe,
My ſpirits gay and free;
O GOD, I ſoon forgot the vows
That ev'ning gave to thee!

By ſickneſs then, Almighty LORD,
Thou oft' haſt warning giv'n;
And death (that time ſhall be deplor'd)
Snatch'd a lov'd friend to heaven.

I here review'd the mercies paſt,
And there the lifted rod,

Which

Which brought me to the arms at laſt
Of my redeeming God.

I broke from all I lov'd before,
I bade the world farewell,
I told my friends I could no more
In tents of cedar dwell.

To thee, O Pow'r Supreme! to thee
The glory now I give,
That I permitted am to ſee,
Thy bliſsful face and live.

That love, that all-victorious grace!
'Ere youth's gay ſcene is o'er,
Faſt binds me in its kind embrace,
And rules the dang'rous hour.

O ſay to my exulting ſoul,
From this day will I bleſs;
Thy future life in bliſs ſhall roll,
And thou ſhalt die in peace.

LOVE,

THE ESSENCE of RELIGION.

NOT every one who crieth, LORD,
Or hear, or pray, or preach thy word,
Wilt thou in God-like accents own,
Or hail, as partners of thy throne.

What! if this ſect, or that, I join,
Believe my party moſt divine;

Vain will my warmeſt notions prove,
If abſent from my heart, thy love.

What! if with Calvin I agree,
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,
I ſtill remain a child of ſin,
If love does not preſide within.

Let bigots for the ſhell contend,
In idle controverſies ſpend
Their precious time, whom zealous fire
And notions (not thy love) inſpire.

With me let names and parties fall,
Thy love, my ſov'reign GOD, my all;
The ſubſtance this:—Of this poſſeſt,
'Mid flaming worlds I ſtand confeſt.

ON THE

PREVALENCE of SIN.

COME, thou all-prevailing Spirit,
Come, and teach me how to pray;
Intercede for Jesu's merit,
Wash, and take my sins away.
How much need of that atonement
Hath a guilty soul like me?
Who am not one fleeting moment
From some sinful passion free.

Sin, where'er I go, I find it,
Find it woven in my heart;

To

To thy croſs, O Jesus! bind it,
Sin deſtroy, and grace impart:
Sin, like weeds, for ever ſpringing,
Doth the ſoil throughout defile;
All my life's a life of ſinning,
Jesu, ſave me, I am vile.

Yes, I ſin in ev'ry action,
Sin in ev'ry word and thought;
I can't pray without diſtraction.
Sin, on all I do, is wrote.
When I to my cloſet enter,
Seeking peace in Jesu's blood,
Swift as thought intrudes the Tempter,
Drives, or draws, my heart from God.

Thus, while I am proſtrate lying,
While my lips in prayer move,

While, with ſeeming ardour crying,
For redemption from above;
Lo! I find, at that dread inſtant,
My vain heart is rov'd away,
Wander'd off, on ſomething diſtant,
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abaſh'd, I ſilent wonder,
Why is ſuch a rebel ſpar'd?
Why not caſt amongſt that number,
In eternal chains reſerv'd?
Then with joy and ſhame confounded,
I exult in ſovereign grace;
Grace which hath to me abounded,
Me, the worſt of Adam's race.

Lord, if I forget to praiſe thee,
Let my tongue forget to move;

Jesu,

JESU, to thy likeneſs raiſe me,
Let me all thy goodneſs prove;
Let my guilt be now abſolved,
My whole nature ſanctify;
Lord, I long to be diſſolved,
Make me meet, and let me die.

AN ELEGY
On a Maiden Name.

ADIEU, dear name, which birth and Nature gave——
Lo! at the altar I've interr'd dear Cave,
For there it fell, expir'd, and found a grave.

Forgive,

Forgive, dear ſpouſe, this ill-tim'd tear or two,
They are not meant in diſreſpect to you.
I hope the name, which you have lately giv'n,
Was kindly meant, and ſent to me by heav'n.
But, ah! 'the loſs of Cave I muſt deplore,'
For that dear name the tend'reſt mother bore.
With that ſhe paſs'd full forty years of life,
Adorn'd th' important character of wife:
Then meet for bliſs, from earth to heav'n retir'd,
With holy zeal, and true devotion fir'd.

In me, what bleſt my father, may you find,
A wife domeſtic, virtuous, meek and kind.
What bleſt my mother may I meet in you,
A friend, and huſband——faithful, wife, and true.

Then

Then be our voyage proſp'rous, or adverſe,
No keen upbraidings ſhall our tongues rehearſe;
But mutually we'll brave againſt the ſtorm,
Remembering ſtill, for help-mates we were born.
Then let rough torrents roar, or ſkies look dark,
If love commands the helm which guides our bark,
No ſhipwreck will we fear, but to the end,
Each find in each, a juſt, unſhaken friend.

WRITTEN
A few Hours before the Birth of a Child.

MY GOD, prepare me for that hour,
When moſt thy aid I want;
Uphold me by thy mighty power,
Nor let my ſpirits faint. I aſk

I aſk not life, I aſk not eaſe,
But patience to ſubmit,
To what ſhall beſt thy goodneſs pleaſe;
Then come what thou ſeeſt fit.

Come pain, or agony, or death,
If that's the will divine;
With joy ſhall I give up my breath,
If reſignation's mine.

One wiſh to name I'd humbly dare,
If death thy pleaſure be;
O may the harmleſs babe I bear
Haply expire with me.

The

The following Lines were not intended for publication, nor would they have been inſerted here, but in compliance with the requeſt of ſeveral friends. They were compoſed by the Author, previous to the Birth of her firſt Child;—written and ſealed with her own hand, and committed to the care of her friends, that in caſe of the mother's death, and the child's living to a proper age, it might be preſented therewith.

TO
MY DEAR CHILD.

DEAR finleſs babe, whoſe peaceful room
Centers within thy mother's womb;
Whoſe mind's unſpotted, ſpirit pure,
As happy (doubtleſs) as obſcure.

Whom

Whom having never ſeen, I love,
And breath my ardent ſoul above,
That Heav'n its richeſt gifts may give
To thee, my infant, ſhould'ſt thou live.

What unknown cares obſtruct my reſt,
What new emotions fill my breaſt!
I count the days ſo oft retold,
E'er I my infant can behold.
Thought after thought intrudes a dart,
And ſtrange forebodings fill my heart.

Perhaps the time which gives you life,
Deprives Euſebius of his wife;
And you for circling years may ſpare,
Who ne'er will know a mother's care.

Perhap

Perhaps ſome rude ungentle hand
Thy infant footſteps may command;
Who, void of tenderneſs and thought,
Too harſhly menaces each fault.
Oh; thought too poignant! may'ſt thou die,
And breathleſs with thy mother lie.
But dare I Heaven's deſigns o'erthrow;
Come, reſignation, quickly flow;
Say, to fond Nature's fears, be ſtill,
And bow me to th' Almighty will.

Perhaps I yet may live to ſee
My child grow up, and comfort me,
And if I die—perhaps my ſhade
My darling's footſteps may pervade.
Sleepleſs myſelf, thy eye-lids cloſe,
And guard thee whilſt in ſoft repoſe:

And if you e'er attain thirteen,
Theſe lines may by my child be ſeen;
For then your mind may comprehend
What once your anxious mother penn'd.
Here I would ev'ry wiſh impart,
And ope my darling all my heart.

I wiſh the child, I call my own,
A ſoul that would adorn a throne!
With keen ſenſations, ſoft, refin'd,
A noble, but an humble mind.
Be courteous, prudent, virtuous, wiſe,
Each friend's inſtruction always prize.
And if you're caſt in learning's way,
Improve each moment of the day,
And graſp at knowledge whilſt you may.

With

With richeſt freight your memory ſtore,
And prize it more than golden ore.
For riches you may looſe and ſpend,
But knowledge is a laſting friend.

Be ſtrictly honeſt, ſtrictly juſt,
On no pretence betray your truſt.
If any to your breaſt confide
A ſecret——there let it abide.
Whate'er you promiſe bear in mind,
Each promiſe ſhould to action bind.
From low deceits and falſhoods fly,
Nor dread a ſerpent as a lie.
For ſhould you e'er the name acquire,
As ſome I've known—a common liar,
A common thief my child, would be
By far more excellent than thee.

In ſome you'll find a conſtant flame
To vilify their neighbour's name;
But mark that woman, mark the man,
And ſhun their converſe if you can:
For ſuch, as thus diſpos'd, you ſee
When thou art gone, ſpeak ill of thee.
But, if with ſuch obliged to meet,
Like prudence, ſhew yourſelf diſcreet;
And if you're urg'd, as oft I've known,
To join with them to caſt a ſtone;
Rather appear to know it not,
Than help thy neighbour's name to blot:
Thus you may find evaſions good,
Well tim'd and rightly underſtood;
But 'twould be wrong ſhould you conceal
Faults which obſtruct your neighbour's weal;

And

And doubly wrong if you evade,
What known would honour—not degrade.
Hence your own judgment muſt diſcloſe,
When to conceal, and when expoſe.

Are any plac'd beneath your care,
Of proud auſterities beware;
Let ev'ry word and action prove
You'd win their ſervices by love.
Be ſoft and gentle, tender, mild,
E'en from the ſervant to the child;
Yea, let each inſect, bird, and beaſt,
Within your ſphere, your goodneſs, taſte.
Muſt you deſtroy a worm or fly?
With quickeſt motion let it die:
Nor let a creature e'er complain,
You gave one moment's needleſs pain.

They but a ſavage heart expoſe,
Who trifle with a reptile's woes.

Whate'er you want, to GOD make known,
If meet,—your wiſhes are your own;
Make him your confidant alone,
His laws obey, his voice attend,
And then you'll never want a friend.

TO
MY CHILD,
IF A SON.

IF you, my ſon, ſhould e'er incline
In Hymen's careful bands to join,
Obſerve the maid who ſuits your heart,
But ne'er your mind to her impart,

'Till you have view'd her o'er and o'er—
Her life and character explore,
Know if you can her mental ſtore:
And if you find the maid is ſhe,
Who may through life your help-mate be,
Then court her heart, with honour court,
Nor dare to make a nymph thy ſport.
With ardour ſeek—her love obtain—
Then to deſert, and give her pain,
Involve in grief, who had been free,
Content, and happy, but for thee;
Who, mov'd by ſympathy alone,
To eaſe your heart, gave you her own;
And, when the conqueſt you diſcover,
Baſely neglect, or ſeek another,
The vileſt miſcreant on the road,
Who haunts the deſert and the wood,

Who

Who hazards life for what he gains,
Nor wins an heart with all his pains;
But flies, purſu'd, o'er gate and ſtile,
Commits no action half ſo vile.
And ſhould I live—ſuch conduct know
In you, my ſon—my tears would flow,—
Myſelf would ſeek to eaſe her grief,
And bid thee fly to her relief.

TO
MY CHILD,
IF A DAUGHTER.

SHOULD ev'ry grace your face adorn,
And elegance compoſe your form,
In this no laſting worth you'll find,
That's beauty—which adorns the mind.

This

This well enrich'd—unſpotted—pure,
Will peace through life and death inſure.
External beauty has no charms,
If diſengag'd from Virtue's arms.

If, when arriv'd to blooming years,
A ſuitor for your heart appears,—
To tell my Harriot how to chooſe,
Whom to accept and whom refuſe,
I own a taſk beyond my pen:
For ſuch the deep deceits of men,
And ſuch their power o'er female hearts,
We cannot penetrate their arts.
Their tempers and defects they hide,
Till they obtain the wiſh'd-for bride,
And then they caſt the veil aſide.

Thus

Thus after each precaution taken,
Too oft we find ourſelves miſtaken.

But this I will be bold to ſay,
If one his dull addreſs ſhould pay,
Who wants politeneſs, grace, or ſenſe,
Or tinctur'd with extravagance;
What—tho' he whines, and weeps, and ſighs,
And vows, without your love, he dies;
At once reject the worthleſs youth,
He knows no love—'Tis all untruth.
For Love's exalted ſtreams ne'er flow,
In ſouls ſo abject, and ſo low.
Though he may thouſands boaſt a year,
Reject him—for 'tis bought too dear;
For ſhould you e'er in wedlock dwell
With ſuch a man—your life's a hell.

Hope

Hope not—'tis vain,—his bent to turn,
Too late you will your folly mourn.
Your ſofteſt words and tears are loſt,
Your hopes and fondeſt wiſhes croſt;
As ſoon you'll waſh an Ethiope white,
As make him worthy your delight.
Then ſhun the ſnare, my counſel prize,
Leſt ſad experience make you wiſe!

(LETTER.)

My dear Child,

THE preceding Poem is the effect of your mother's anxious concern for you, who are as yet unborn. Should I die at your birth, or before you arrive at years of knowledge, I hope when you receive this Poem (which will be at a proper age) you will not be contented by acquiring it in theory

theory till you have reduce dthe ſentiments it contains to practice. Then will you find yourſelf beloved and eſteemed by all the truly virtuous and good, and above all, (which ſhould be your chiefeſt concern) will gain the approbation of God and your conſcience. You alſo will ſhew a due reſpect to the words and aſhes of your deceaſed parent, whoſe daily ſtudy (had ſhe lived) would be to inculcate thoſe ſentiments into your infant mind as ſoon as ſhe found you capable of receiving them.

I here give you my bleſſing, and may you indeed be bleſſed with wiſdom, grace, and principles of the ſtricteſt honour. To ſee you thus enriched would be my higheſt happineſs, ſhould I live; and if I die, be the prayer in death of

Your affectionate Mother,

J—— W——.

SENT TO A

LADY, on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH! be thou bleſs'd with all that Heaven can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend.

Not with thoſe toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;
Not as the world its pretty ſlaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards:
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young, wanting lovers; old, to want a friend:
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.

Let joy or eaſe, let affluence or content,
With the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,

Calm every thought, inſpirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face,
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame deſtroy;
Till ſome ſoft dream, or extaſy, of joy,
Conſign thee to the ſabbath of the tomb,
To wake in raptures in a life to come!

EPIGRAM,

ON BEING ASKED

What is the greateſt Bleſſing on Earth?

PEACE, health and ſtrength, food, raiment, and content;
A heart well manag'd— and a life well ſpent:
A ſoul devoted and athirſt for GOD;
Courting his ſmile—but patient of his rod:
Each day more fit to breathe it's lateſt breath,
And then the moſt alive, when neareſt DEATH.

To SYLVIA, Penſive.

TELL me, Sylvia, why the ſigh
Heaves your boſom? why the tear
Steals unbidden from your eye?
Tell me what you wiſh or fear?
Providence, profuſely kind,
Whereſo'er you turn your eyes
Bids you, with a grateful mind,
View a thouſand bleſſings riſe.
Round you affluence ſpreads her ſtores;
Young health ſparkles in your eye,
Tendereſt, kindeſt friends are your's;
Tell me, Sylvia, why you ſigh?
'Tis, perhaps, ſome friendly voice
Softly whiſpers to your mind, "Make

" Make not theſe alone your choice,
" Heaven has bleſſings more refin'd.
" Thankful own what you enjoy;
" But a changing world like this,
" Where a thouſand fears annoy,
" Cannot give you perfect bliſs.
" Perfect bliſs reſides above,
" Far above yon azure ſky;
" Bliſs that merits all your love,
" Merits every anxious ſigh."
What like this has earth to give?
Oh! my Sylvia, in your breaſt,
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth deſire to reſt.
When your boſom breathes a ſigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wiſhes riſe on high,
Ardent riſe to bliſs ſincere.

THE

Dying Chriſtian's Reſignation.

VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Hoping, trembling, ling'ring, flying,
O! the pain, the bliſs of dying;
Ceaſe fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark! they whiſper, angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight;
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it diſappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring.
Lend, lend, your wings—I mount, I fly—
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy ſting!

THOUGHTS,

Which occurred to the Author, at *Llanwrtid*, in *Breconſhire*, in walking from *Dol-y-coëd* Houſe to the Well.

SWEET, ſilent, ſolitary place,
Where I majeſtic footſteps trace,
Where Reaſon may aſcend her throne,
And Meditation reign alone,

Contem-

Contemplate the works of Nature,
And in the works, the Great CREATOR!
See the ſweet ſongſters of the day,
And hear them tune their artleſs lay;
Behold at once the fragrant fields,
Which vivid green and paſture yields;
The flowing river gently glide,
Before, behind, on either ſide.
Four pond'rous hills ſtupendous riſe,
As if to teach my heart and eyes
To ſend their wiſhes to the ſkies:
Thither my thoughts and eyes aſcend,
Wonders ſtill more wond'rous blend:
A vaſt expanſe of azure ſky,
Boundleſs it's width, it's height how high!
Yet higher ſtill, immenſely higher,
Behold yon' orient blaze of fire,

The

The radiant region of the day,
With matchleſs majeſty diſplay,
More of the great, unfathom'd all,
Than doth the whole terreſtrial ball.
My eyes recoil, the rays ſo bright,
Tho' ſhort the gaze, diſſolve my ſight:
If ſuch thy power, great work divine,
How mighty HIS who bade thee ſhine!

Ah! what am I? Why, leſs than nought,
Below the merit of a thought.
Yet thought which doth all thought tranſcend:
That mighty ALL may be my friend!

Now to the ſalutary Well
I bend my ſteps—and hear it tell
Important truths! My heart applies
The admonition as it flies: 'Tis

'Tis true—How faſt the ſtream is flowing:
Ah me! ſo faſt my life is going.
As is the ſtream ſtill downwards bending,
So to the grave my ſteps are tending.
This head that thinks—theſe eyes that ſee,
In ſome ſhort time muſt ceaſe to be.
This well ſhall flow,—thoſe hills ſhall riſe,
That azure deck yon' ſplendid ſkies,
Thoſe verdant meads be cloath'd in green,
That river gently glide between,
And yon' bright orb perform his round,
When not a duſt of me is found.

But here I pauſe, and heave a ſigh,
While the full tear drops from mine eye.
How big with awe! This ſolemn theme,
No fancy'd tale, or idle dream.

Not,

Not, that I am—is truth more juſt,
Than—that I ſhall return to duſt.
Another year, perhaps a day
May join me to my mother clay.
Suppoſe the fatal mandate come,
Is the important buſineſs done?
More aweful thought—Is it begun?

But thoughts more aweful ſtill ariſe,
As to the well I caſt mine eyes:
For in the flowing ſtream, I ſee
An emblem of Eternity.
This ſtream has flow'd, and ſtill it flows,
(And yet no diminution knows,)
From year to year, from race to race,
And ſtill behold we no decreaſe:
Such that tremendous, vaſt expanſe,
To which, each moment, I advance;

When twice ten thouſand years are paſt,
And more than numbers e'er can caſt,
Eternity! that wond'rous thing,
Will at that period begin!
And Oh! my ſoul! where ſhalt thou be,
Thro' this immenſe eternity?

ON MARRIAGE.

THOSE awful words, "*'Till Death do part!*"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought, when once a wife,
The dye is caſt, and caſt for life.
Yet thouſands venture every day,
As ſome baſe paſſion leads the way.

Pert

Pert SYLVIA talks of wedlock ſcenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining ſpark and hears,
The ſugar'd ſpeech with raptur'd ears:
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves the fire, and weds a fool.

Want enters at the guardleſs door,
And love is fled to come no more.
Some few there are of ſordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careleſs with whom, or who they mate,
Love's paſſion's all they will forſake.
Such rebels given beneath the rod;
For Hymen's a vindicate God.

Be ſoyleſs every night he ſaid,
And barren be thy nuptial bed;

Attend

Attend my fair to Wiſdom's voice,
A better fate may be thy choice;
A marriage life to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a lottery confeſt,
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.

Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been ſince the fall;
Says that he loves you from his ſoul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul,
And tho' a ſlave in love's ſoft ſchool,
In wedlock claims a right to rule.

The beſt, in ſhort, his faults has got:
If few theſe faults, then flout him not.
With ſome indeed you can't diſpenſe,
As want of temper, and of ſenſe.

For when the ſun deſerts the ſkies,
And the dull winter's evenings riſe,
Then for a huſband's ſocial pow'r,
To form the calm, converſive hour:
The treaſures of thy breaſt explore,
And prize that more than golden ore.

WRITTEN
About a Month after the Birth of my Son.

O THOMAS, I hope you'll become
My only, my dear little boy;
A hopeful and dutiful ſon,
And fill your glad parents with joy.

When reaſon and knowledge ſhall dawn,
Then may I with pleaſure eſpy,

By the rays that appear in the morn,
That the noon will produce a bright ſky.

May kind Heaven protract my ſhort ſpan,
Till I deeply impreſs on thy mind,
Thy duty to God, and to man,
With ſentiments juſt and refin'd.

I'll bid thee adore the Great Cauſe,
Who thy joys, or thy woes can increaſe;
Know well and then practice his laws,
As the only ſure paſſage to peace.

The Volume Celeſtial explore,
For precepts tranſcendent thence flow,
'Twill bid thee in principle ſoar,
From all that's diſgraceful or low.

'Twill teach to each act and design,
Let honor and truth be your guide,
In virtue, and properly ſhine,
And thus to excel, be your pride.

By guile, or hypocriſy, try
To increaſe nor your name, nor your cheſt;
And for fraud, let it never come nigh,
Nor ſtain for a moment your breaſt.

Be open, and clear as the day,
Low art and duplicity ſcorn;
For this will a meanneſs betray,
But that will your conduct adorn.

If knowledge you wiſh to obtain,
Let the ſun ſeldom find you in bed;

With

With vigour impregnate each vein,
And with wiſdom impregnate your head.

For e'er may my THOMAS be found,
With the wiſe and the good of the age;
If with theſe you do not abound,
Converſe with the well written page.

In aught that through life you purſue,
Which reaſon or prudence inſpire;
Be active and vigilant too,
And conqueſt ſucceeds your deſire.

Should e'er you behold the dear maid,
Whoſe charms ſhall diſpoſe you to love,
Bid reaſon come into your aid,
And then if you fully approve,

With courage your paſſion diſcloſe,
With honor purſue till you've won,
But prove not her worſt of all foes,
To leave her deceiv'd or undone.

To inferiors be gentle and kind,
Benevolent too if you can;
To equals the free unconfin'd,
Obliging diſintr'eſted man.

To all whom dame Fortune ſhall place,
In ſtations above my dear boy,
Due deference ſhew with a grace,
That declares there's no guilt to annoy.

With modeſt becoming reſpect,
While integrity ſits on your brow;

All cringing and fawning reject,
As daſtardly ſordid and low.

Act thus, and you're equal to Kings,
In the nobleſt part, the interior,
And thoſe who want emptier things,
Deſerve not the name of ſuperior.

Thus with a countenance clear as the ſun,
And a heart and a conduct the ſame,
Let your progreſs in life be begun,
And conclude with as noble a flame.

ON

ON THE

General Faſt, February 8th, 1782.

OMNIPOTENT eternal ALL,
By whom ſtates riſe or empires fall,
Whoſe potent word creates a world,
Or bids it be to atoms hurl'd!

LORD of all Lords, and KING of Kings,
Beginning, Center, End of Things,
Fountain of Light, of Life, and Love,
Through worlds below and worlds above!

Wond'rous I AM! Myſterious Word!
Who canſt or draw, or ſheath the ſword;
We reptiles who of duſt are made,
Preſume to ſupplicate thy aid. To

To thee we dedicate this day,
To mourn for ſin, to faſt and pray;
Thy wondrous works of old declare,
The great effects of fervent prayer.

Does Moſes but in ſpirit groan,
Lo! it prevails before thy throne;
The boiſt'rous waves at once divide,
And form a wall on either ſide.

Again he lifteth up his hands,
Iſrael a conquering army ſtands,
But when his fervent ſpirit fails,
They fall and Amaleck prevails.

The Ninevites its influence knew,
And jointly to thy footſtool flew,

They

They mourn, they faſt, to heaven they cry,
And turn th' impending judgment by.

May we like them confeſs our ſin,
The renovating work begin;
Timely avert thy vengeful rod,
And Jacob-like prevail with God.

Our land, our ſinking land protect,
Our King and Senators direct;
Our fleets preſerve our armies bleſs,
And bid the nation ſhout ſucceſs.

Our foes, our envious foes annoy,
And all their impious plots deſtroy.
Let peace her wiſh'd for banner ſpread,
And laurels deck our Sovereign's head.

FINIS.

